

1st

Faction Display'd,
I N
A N S W E R
T O
Faction Display'd, a Poem.

22. April. 1704.

GOOD People give ear, I'll declare to you all,
What ought not to be forgot;
Some two Years ago there was hatch't near *Whitehal*
A horrid and desperate Plot.

Whitehal, did I say? I mean the remains,
Of the Pallace that went by that name;
Where now Desolation triumphant reigns,
Oh! fy! 'tis a burning shame.

For do not these Ruins most surely presage
That Monarchy's in it's decline,
And Prophecy to this incredulous Age
The failure o' th' Regal Line?

Now should I forget to discribe you the House
Where this dang'rous Plot was invented,
Tho' it signifies not the third part of a Louse,
Yet I Know you'd be discontented.

'Twas at an Antique and Reverend Pile,
That's in Mourning for Heroes dead,
'Twere the prettiest Mansion in all our whole Isle,
Did it not droop and hang down its Head.

'Twas there the night after the Great *Nassau* Dy'd,
(For to call him our King were a Crime)
Some Peope (or else they are shrewdly bely'd)
Met at an unfeas'nable time.

There

There was *Moro* and *Ario*, *Mysterio Sigillo*
 With *Orlando* that furious Wight,
Patriarcho, *Narcisso*, *Clodio*, *Triton*, *Bathyllo*,
 Hard Names! but I hope they're all right.

For their Characters (which i' th' next place should be shewn)
 And without the rest were but Stuff,
 Pray suppose them all drest in Fools Coats of my own,
 'Twill save time, and expose them enough.

And then for their Speeches, you all know my Style,
 Why need I my praises advance,
 Had you heard, you'd have sworn I had prompted the while,
 They'd my Gestures, my Voice, my Cadence.

But how shall I tell you the terrible things
 That resulted from their Debate?
 When I think of them, trust me, my very Heart-strings
 Crack and bleed for the Church and the State,

One resolv'd to extoll the *Venetian State*,
 For having stood so many Cent'ries,
 Another to prove *Rome* was once very great,
 Ay and *Athens* too: Oh! most advent'rous.

One's Cue was to say things in praise of the *Dutch*,
 And to blacken the Monarch of *France*.
 To declare that his Bribes well apply'd may doe much,
 Ruin us and Young *Perkin* advance.

Another engag'd to procure the same Men
 That Lamented the Death of *Queen Mary*,
 And compar'd the Great *Will.* to Great *Tamerlane*,
 To write now: And does not this scare ye?

Another said he'd goe to *Ireland* for Air,
 And leave here his Wealthy Friend,
 A Fury told lyes of her Friend *Rochester*,
 The Day peep'd, they broke up; there's an End.

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